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INCORPORATED  
OUTFITTERS TO MEN WOMEN & CHILDREN  
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

**JUDGE MALONE'S ORATION  
MASTERPIECE OF IMAGERY**

**Lodge of Sorrow Brings Many Hundreds to Theatre Where Bridgeport Lodge of Elks Hold Impressive Ceremonies to Recall Memories of Dead Brethren—Eulogy Delivered by Rev. E. J. Craft, Rector of Christ Church.**

In accordance with a custom which is universal in Elksdom, Bridgeport Lodge, No. 56, B. P. O. E., held a memorial service last night in Jackson's Theatre. The names of the brothers of the lodge who have passed beyond the veil were recalled. The ceremonies were dignified and impressive. A great audience filled the theatre. Tears flowed from the eyes of many who silently wept because the occasion recalled to them some death of relative or immediate friend. Most touching was the 20-minute oration by Rev. E. J. Craft, Rector of Christ Church, whose deep and musical voice brought a rare natural gift to the assistance of great power.

The address of welcome was made by Exalted Ruler James L. McGovern, who briefly explained the occasion of the assemblage and that a multitude of similar assemblages were at the very moment in session in every city in the United States where there is a lodge of Elks.

In the manner in which the dead are recalled varies with the usage of the lodge. In Bridgeport the practice is to display upon a screen, by projection, pictures of a series of pictures of the deceased. This practice was varied last night by displaying the name of the brother within a wreath. As the roll was called the pictures were flashed upon the screen, and the once familiar features of friends long in the grave recalled to memory. The first of the dead was Worthington Poland, who passed away May 2, 1888.

Since 1905 the mortality list has been added to in an increasing degree, as must inevitably be the case with a numerous organization long established. Nevertheless 1906 and not 1905 was the year of great mourning, for in the former period eleven died, and in the latter only eight.

The exercises opened with a concert by the Jackson's Theatre orchestra. The members of the orchestra were for the most part Elks. They rendered, in beginning, that solemnly beautiful composition by Jerome May, who is an Elk. "Knights of a Glorious Mission."

Under the guidance of Exalted Ruler McGovern the ritual of the Lodge of Sorrow and the opening ceremonies of the Elks were performed. At the close of the roll call Loren Delbridge, who is secretary of the lodge, sang "The Vacant Chair."

The singing throughout was of a very high class, and in especial keeping with the occasion which was observed.

Miss Lena Mason, with great intelligence and dramatic power, sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair." William V. Walsh, who possesses a thoroughly trained and sympathetic tenor voice, sang "Be Thou Faithful Unto Death." Not less appropriate was "Hear My Prayer," which was sung by Mrs. Beatrice Moss Kashner, by whom the eulogy was interpreted without an error.

Most touching also was the rendition of "Charles," Elks' famous ode, as given by John F. Finney.

After the eulogy had been delivered by Rev. Mr. Craft, the closing services of the lodge were exemplified. The congregation joined in singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

An unusual circumstance was that the remarks of Mr. Craft were delivered in the form of a miniature oration. This departure from Episcopal custom was due to the fact that among the friends of the lodge who have passed beyond is numbered Rev. E. J. Booth, long rector of Trinity church. The deceased member of the lodge followed:

Worthington Poland, George B. Gray, Charles Sanger, Victor Heisterhagen, Michael J. Boyle, W. H. Anderson, Edward B. Kunkelman, George F. Eckart, George N. Morgan, Charles H. Cole, Charles W. Roberts, William H. Gunderman, J. B. Stevens, Edward H. Lyon, Stiles H. Whiting, Frederick Meyer, Charles Paul, George W. Banks, George Doolittle, Christian Stoehr, W. F. Bishop, L. B. Stuart, James F. Rogers, Hiram W. Batcheller, James H. Lynch, Joseph Brundage, William H. Stevenson, Charles R. Smith, Frederick Jennings, Philo H. Skidmore, Jr., George E. Cassidy, Frederick Delmuth, S. E. DeVorken, F. J. Flynn, John W. Carroll, James J. Clancy, William C. Shay, Thomas P. Owens, S. Adolphus McNeil, Gus McLaughlin, John L. Walsh, Oronzio Forest, L. E. Johnson, James Hague, James S. Flood, Patrick Bee, William S. Schreiber, Paul King, Edward F. Rafferty, John Kearns, William J. Hamilton, John J. Buckley, John E. Lynch, Henry Blane, George E. Motzfeld, George R. Nash, Lyman M. Turner, Edward P.

Kennelly, Warren H. Banks, Nathan S. Warner, Thomas F. Colgan, John Stone, Charles Bottomley, H. S. P. Taylor, Gustav Broch, William H. Norris, Joseph H. Dowling, Abraham Fowler, Willard R. Miller, John G. Cornell, Dumont P. Merwin, John Murtagh, Thomas C. Foley, James Reeves, Pierre Hoyer, Samuel Harris, Joseph Maloney, Morgan Madigan, Willard H. Raymond.

Judge Malone's oration, which attracted the attention of everybody because of its remarkable imagery and high pitched eloquence, follows:

We have assembled in accordance with a beautiful custom of our Order to pay a fresh tribute of love and affection to the memory of our brothers who have gone before us into the world of eternal life. The occasion is complete in itself. It needs no help of speech to make it memorable. It seems most fitting when scenes of strife and activity have been succeeded by the Sabbath quiet that we should put aside the ordinary thoughts of the world and spend a little time in meditating upon the lives of those brothers who have taken the long and silent journey to the hereafter.

So it is that the office which this day imposes is one we perform with hearts charged with tenderest emotions, because it is a duty which at once teaches the mortality of human life and celebrates with a serene joy that which death cannot destroy—the immortality of human friendship.

In contemplation of the grave a thousand phantasies arise. It is the theme of all themes most prolific in the literature of the world. In the oldest writings known to man it was the source of the profoundest speculation. It gave emphasis to all the war chants of the Saxon time; it darkened the life of Petrarch; it prompted the skepticism of the Rurialist, the imagery of Robert Blair, the Elegy of Thomas Gray; it added horror to the wild imaginings of Poe; it freighted with pathos his lamentations for the lost Lenore, his distress for the death of Anabel Lee, and his journeyings to the tomb of Uliatume.

"Down by the dank tarn of Aunbur, In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Wier."

Such are the reflections with which we assume this sacred obligation. It is not a new bereavement, but one which time has softened which brings us here. We meet tonight not to sorrow over newly opened graves but for those which Nature has already decorated with the memorials of her love. Above every grave her sunshine has smiled, her tears have fallen. Over the humblest mound she has hidden some grasses to nestle, some vine to cling, and above each and every butterfly, ancient emblem of immortality, has waved its wings. Tonight to Nature's signs of tenderness we add our own. Without distinction of nationality, of race, or of religion our Order extends the fraternal grasp of brotherhood. Nature has been equally tender to every grave, and the principles of our fraternity know no distinction.

What a wonderful embalmer is death! We who survive grow daily older. Since the first brother of this lodge was buried the youngest has gained some aging mark, the oldest some added gray hairs, but those faithful companions who have gone are embalmed forever in the imaginations of those who knew them. They will not change. They will never seem to their acquaintances less young than when called to their final reward. It is we alone who shall grow old.

And again, what a wonderful purifier is death! Those who have died from among us varied in character. Like other men they had their strength and their weaknesses, their virtues and their imperfections, yet now all stains seem washed away. They have gone to their home—not the habitation of

earthly peace and quiet, bright with domestic comfort and joy, but to the dark and narrow house appointed for all the sons of men, there to rest

"Till the sun grows cold, And the stars are old, And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold."

All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity. The rich and the poor, the humble and the great, alike must fall before this enemy of mankind. The statesman delving into the science of government and striving for the enforcement of law and justice, the soldier with drawn sword defending his country, the lawyer pleading his client's cause, the physician battling with the germs of disease, the merchant in his store, the farmer in his field, and the clergyman preaching the Gospel unto the least of these, my brethren, all have an appointment with death which they are bound to keep. Death walks hand in hand with life. The one is the shadow of the other. Side by side with strong and vigorous health are the ever present companions, death, dissolution, decay. Life and death are interwoven in our being in the very hour of birth, and in all life we bear the seeds and certainty of death. Men go and are forgotten, no matter what their station. Nations decay and races perish. All seem to pass away, but they do not in truth pass away. Each individual leaves his trace upon his time. The noblest thought in all the universe is that each man and woman, humble or high, pours his or her life into those supreme plans which live forever. The great lesson of this hour is that the influence of a human life is immortal, and goes on through the ages, a force that is indestructible as the everlasting hills. So, with the sure knowledge that whether our work be small or great it is still more lasting than the stars, let us go forward with humility that we can do so little, yet with pride and thankfulness that we have been chosen to do our part as servants of the Supreme Ruler.

We cannot approach the subject of death with neglect and reverence. It is the great, inexplicable mystery. Once has measured the moon and stars, analyzed the sunbeam, caught the rhythm of the music of the waves of sound, wrested from Nature her choicest and most closely guarded secrets, and enlivened her mighty forces, but to this one question she gives no response that carries either hope or consolation. The young asking "Why?" and the old inquiring "Whither?" are alike unanswered. The words of the Prophet and faith in them alone constitute a thoroughly sound basis. Years ago Job pronounced the question "If a man die, shall he live again, and yeeps afterward Paul the Apostle made answer 'Christ be not risen from the dead then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain.' And it came to pass that on a Sunday morning, long ago, the third day after the crucifixion, two women on their way to the Saviour's tomb were wondering 'who should roll away the stone from the door of the sepulchre' for them, 'but as they looked they saw that the stone was rolled away.' When that stone was displaced it opened an avenue upward for the hope of all mankind.

To us these ceremonies are not perfunctory or formal. They are intended to recall all that was pure, noble and worthy of emulation in the lives of those brothers who have gone before, and to cast the mantle of charity and brotherly love upon the living. The hand of friendship once extended by an Elk is not withdrawn when death, the great King of Terrors, has done his work. We say to him, 'O thou mighty King! Thou hast withered away our fondest hopes and hast filled our hearts with sorrow, but thy domain extends only to the grave; beyond its portals thou dar'st not advance. Thou canst not take from us the remembrance of our brothers nor cast one cloud upon the bright sunshine of their example.'

To comply with the tenets of our Order life's duties are many, are varied, are weighty. To meet them manfully, without shrinking or evasion, to discharge them faithfully and well, means compliance with the dogmas of true Elksdom. Life's trials, too, are weighty. Endured with patience, borne with fortitude, submitted to with resignation, they promote those principles upon which this Order is erected.

My brothers, the achievements of selfish ambition are transient; the garlands they bring to weary brows soon fade; their laurels wither in an hour; their monuments quickly crumble in to dust; but the memorials that true fraternity builds defy the wrath of storm and withstand the might and blight of time. Fraternal self-sacrifice and devotion to duty are the most enduring attributes that adorn the soul. No man can win real success in this life, through pure and many qualities, but that the world is better off for his living. There are, however, different kinds of success. There is the success that brings with it the uneasy mind, the success that is achieved by greed and cunning, the success that makes honest men uneasy or indignant in its presence. There is the other kind of success—that which comes as the reward of keen insight, of sagacity, of resolution, combined with unflinching behavior, both public and private. The first kind of success may in a sense and a poor sense at that, benefit the individual, but it is always and necessarily a curse to the community, whereas the Elk who wins the second kind of suc-

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(Continued on Page 2.)

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